The Winchester Appeal.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER----DEVOTED TO POLITICS, LOCAL INTERESTS, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, MECHANISM, EDUCATION----INDEPENDENT ON ALL SUBJECTS.

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A Scene in Virginia.

On a lovely morning towards the close of spring I found myself in a very beautiful part of the Great Valley of Virginia. Spurred onward by impatience, I beheld the sun rising in splendor and changing the blue tints on the tops of the Alleghany mountains into streaks of the purest gold, and nature seemed to smile in the freshness of beauty. A ride of about fourteen miles, and a pleasant woodland ramble of about two, brought myself and companion to the great Natural Bridge.

Although I had been anxiously looking forward to this time, and my mind had been considerably excited by expectation, yet I was not altogether prepared for the visit. This great work of nature is considered by many as the second great curiosity in our country; Niagara Falls being the first. I do not expect to convey a very correct idea of this bridge, for no description can do this.

The Natural Bridge is entirely the work of God. It is of solid limestone, and connects two huge mountains together, by a most beautiful arch, over which there is a great wagon-road.—Its length, from one mountain to the other, is nearly eighty feet; its width, about thirty-five; its thickness, about forty-five, and its perpendicular height over the water is not far from two hundred and twenty feet. A few bushes grow on its top, by which the traveller may hold himself as he looks over. On each side of the stream, and near the bridge, are rocks, projecting ten or fifteen feet over the water, and from two hundred to three hundred feet from its surface, all of limestone. The visitor cannot give so good a description of this bridge as he can of his feelings at the time. He softly creeps out on a shaggy projecting rock, and looking down a chasm from forty to sixty feet wide, he sees, nearly three hundred feet below, a wide stream, foaming and dashing against the rocks beneath, as if terrified at the rocks above. The stream is called Cedar Creek. The visitor here sees trees under the arch, whose height is seventy feet, and yet, to look down upon them, they appear like small bushes of perhaps two or three feet in height. I saw several birds fly under the arch, and they looked like insects. I threw down a stone, and counted thirty-four before it reached the water. All hear of heights and depths, but they here *see* what is high, and themble and *feel* it to be deep. The awful rocks present their everlasting butments, the water murmurs and foams far below, and two mountains rear their proud heads on each side, separated by a channel of sublimity. Those who view the sun, the moon, and the stars, and allow that none but God could make them, will here be impressed with the conviction that none but Almighty God could build a bridge like this.

The view of the bridge from below is as pleasing as the top is awful.—The arch from beneath would seem to be about two feet in thickness. Some idea of the distance from the top to the bottom may be formed from the fact, that as I stood on the bridge and my companion beneath, neither of us could speak with sufficient loudness to be heard by the other. A man, from either view, does not appear more than five inches in height.

As we stood under this beautiful arch, we saw the place where visitors have often taken the pains to engrave their names upon the rock. Here, Washington climbed up twenty-five feet, and carved his own name, where it still remains. Some, wishing to immortalize their names, have engraved them deep and large, while others have tried to climb up and insert them high in this book of fame.

A few years since, a young man, being ambitious to place his name above all others, came very near losing his life in the attempt. After much fatigue, he climbed up as high as possible, but found that the person who had before occupied his place was taller than himself, and consequently had placed his name above his reach, but he was not thus to be discouraged.—He opens a large jack-knife, and, in the soft limestone, began to cut places for his hands and feet; With much patience and difficulty, he worked his way upwards, and succeeded in carving his name higher than the most ambitious had done before him. He could now triumph, but his triumph was short, for he was placed in such a situation that it was impossible to descend unless he fell upon the rugged rocks beneath him.

There was no house near, from whence his companions could get assistance. He could not long remain in that condition, and, what was worse, his friends were too much frightened to do anything for his relief. They looked upon him as already dead, expecting every moment to see him dashed in pieces. Not so with himself.—He determined to ascend. Accordingly, he plied himself with his knife, cutting places for his hands and feet, and gradually ascended with incredible labor. He exerted every muscle. His life was at stake, and all the terrors of death rose before him; He darred not look downwards, lest his head should become dizzy; and perhaps on this circumstance his life depended.—His companions stood on the top of the rock exhorting and encouraging him. His strength was almost exhausted, but a bare possibility of saving his life still remained; and hope, the last friend of the distressed, had not forsaken him. His course upwards was rather oblique than perpendicular. His critical moment had now arrived. He had ascended considerably more than two hundred feet, and had still further to rise when he felt himself fast growing weak. He thought of his friends and all his earthly joys, and could not leave them. He thought of the grave and dared not meet it. He now made his last effort and succeeded. He had cut his way not far from two hundred and fifty feet from the water, in a course almost perpendicular; and in a little less than two hours, his anxious companions reached him a pole from the top and drew him up. They received him with shouts of joy; but he himself was completely exhausted.—He immediately fainted away on reaching the top, and it was some time before he recovered!

It was interesting to see the path up these awful rocks, and to follow in imagination this bold youth as he thus saved his life. His name stands far above all the rest, a monument of hardihood, of rashness, and of folly.

We staid around this seat of grandeur four hours; but from my own feelings I should not have supposed it over half an hour. There is a little cottage near lately built; here we were desired to write our names, as visitors to the bridge, in a large book kept for this purpose. Two large volumes were nearly filled already. Having immortalized our names by enrolling them in this book, we slowly and silently returned to our horses, wondering at this great work of nature. We could not but be filled with astonishment at the amazing power of Him who can clothe himself in wonder and terror, or throw around his works a mantle of sublimity.

Human happiness has no perfect security but freedom; freedom none but virtue; virtue none but knowledge; and neither freedom, nor virtue, nor knowledge has any vigor or immortal hope, except in the principles of the Christian faith, and in the sanctions of the Christian religion.—*Mr. Quincy.*

Love's Immortal Wreath.

"Who can sepaaate hearts that have united, or divide waters that have met and mingled into one?"

Think not, beloved, time can break
The spell around us cast;
Or absence from my bosom take
The memory of the past.
My love is not that silvery mist
From summer blooms by sunbeams kiss'd—
Too fugitive to last:
A fadeless flower, it still retains
The brightness of its early stains.

Nor burns it like the raging fire
In tainted breast which glows;
All wild and thorny as the brier
Without its opening rose.
A gentler, holier love is mine,
Unchangeable and firm, while thine
Is pure as mountain snows;
Nor yet has passion dared to breathe
A spell o'er love's immortal wreath.

And now, when grief has dimn'd thine eye,
And sickness made thee pale,
Think'st thou I could the mourner fly,
And leave thee to the gale!
Oh, no!—may all those dreams depart
Hope sheds upon a youthful heart,
If now my bosom fail,
Or leave thee, when the storm comes on,
To bear its turbulence alone.

The ivy round some lofty pile,
Its twining tendril flings;
Though fled from thence be pleasure's smile,
It yet the fonder clings;
As lonelier still becomes the place,
The warmer is its fond embrace,
More firm its verdant rings;
As if it loved its shade to rear,
O'er one devoted to despair.

Thus shall my bosom cling to thine,
Unchanged by gliding years;
Through fortune's rise, or her decline,
In sunshine, or in tears;
And though between us ocean's roll,
And rocks divide us, still MY SOUL
Can feel no jealous fears,
Confiding in a heart like thine,
Love's uncontaminated shrine!

To me, though bathed in sorrow's dew,
The dearer far art thou;
I loved thee when thy woes were few,
And can I alter now!
That face, in joy's bright hour, was fair—
More beautiful since grief was there,
Though somewhat pale thy brow;
And be it mine to soothe the pain
Thus pressing on the heart and brain.

Yes, love, my breast at sorrow's call,
Shall tremble like thine own;
If from those eyes the teardrops fall,
They shall not fall alone.
Our souls, like Heaven's aerial bow,
Blend every light within their glow,
Of joy or sorrow known.
And grief, divided with THY heart,
Were sweeter far than joy's apart.

Marshall Ney's Death-Scene.

The vengeance of the Allied Powers demanded some victims; and the intrepid Ney, who had well-nigh put the crown again on Bonaparte's head at Waterloo, was to be one of them. Condemned to be shot, he was led to the Garden of Luxemburg on the morning of the 7th of December, and placed in front of a file of soldiers, drawn up to kill him. One of the officers stepped up to bandage his eyes, but he repulsed him, saying, "Are you ignorant that for twenty-five years I have been accustomed to face both ball and bullet!" He then lifted his hat above his head, and with the same calm voice that had steadied his columns so frequently, in the roar and tumult of battle, said, "I declare, before God and man, that I never betrayed my country; may my death render her happy. Vive la France!" He then turned to the soldiers, and striking his hand on his heart, gave the order—"Soldiers, fire!" A simultaneous discharge followed, and the "bravest of the brave" sank to rise no more. "He who had fought *five hundred battles for France, and not one against her*, was shot as a traitor!" As I looked on the spot where he fell, I could not but sigh over his fate. True, he broke his oath of allegience—so did others, carried away by their attachment to Napoleon and the enthusiasm that hailed his approach to Paris. Still, he was no traitor.

Education is a companion which no misfortune can depress—no crime can destroy—no enemy can alienate—no despotism enslave. At home, a friend; abroad, an introduction; in solitude, a solace; and in society, an ornament.—It chastens vice, it guides virtue, it gives at once, grace and ornament to genius; without what is is Man? A splendid slave—[illegible] Wealth covers a multitude of sins.

Dr. Franklin.

The leading property of Dr. Franklin's mind—great as it was—the faculty which made him remarkable, and set him apart from other men, the generator, in truth, of all his power—was *good sense*—only plain good sense—nothing more. He was not a man of genius: there was no brilliancy about him; little or no fervour; nothing like poetry and eloquence; and yet, by the sole, untiring, continued operations of his humble, unpretending quality of mind, he came to do more in the world of science, more in council, more in the revolution of empires—uneducated, or self-educated as he was—than five hundred others might have done, each with more genius, more fervour, more eloquence, more brilliancy.

He was born of English parents, in Boston, Massachusetts, about 1706, we believe. When a lad he ran away to Philadelphia. After a long course of self-denial, hardship, and wearying disappointment, which nothing but his frugal, temperate, courageous good sense carried him through, he became to be successively, a journaman printer, (or pressman, rather, on account of his great bodily strength) in a London printing office; editor and publisher at home, in Philadelphia, of many papers, which had prodigious influence on the temper of his countrymen; agent for certain colonies to this government; an anthor of celebrity; a philosopher, whose reputation has gone over the whole of the learned world; a very able negotiator; a statesman, a minister plenipotentiary of France, of whose king he obtained, while the Bourbons were in their glory, by his great moderation, wisdom, and republican address, a treaty, which enabled our thirteen colonies of North America to laugh all the power of Great Britain, year after year, to scorn; yes, all these things did Benjamin Franklin, by virtue alone of his good *common sense*.

He died in 1796, "full of years and honors," the pride and glory of that empire, the very foundations of which he had helped into the appointed place, with his own powerful hands. He was one of the few—the priesthood of liberty—that stood up undismayed, unmoved, while the ark of *their* salvation thundered and shook and lightened in their faces; putting their venerable hands upon it, nevertheless, and abiding the issue while the declaration of Independence went forth like the noise of a trumpet to the four corners of the earth. He lived until he heard the warlike flourish echoing through the general solitudes of America—the roar of battle on every side of him—all Europe in commotion—her over-peopled empires rioting with a new spirit—his country quietly taking her place among the nations. What more could be wished? Nothing. It was time to give up the ghost.

He was a great, and of course a good man. We have but few things to lay to his charge, very few; and after all, when we look about us, recollecting as we do, the great good which he has done *everywhere*; the little mischief he has *done*, the less than little he ever meditated *anywhere*, in all his life, to the cause of humanity, we have no heart, we confess it again, to speak unkindly of him. The evil that Benjamin Franklin did, in the whole of his fourscore years and upwards of life, was, in comparison with his good works, but as the dust in the balance. —*Blackwood's Magazine.*

A little fellow, tired of the monotony of the school-room, began to amuse himself by making faces, blowing through his hands, &c. At last he whistled aloud.

"Who whistled?"

"Bill Cole," answered the boy who sat next to him.

"Come here, Bill Cole," said the master—"what did you whistle for?"

"Mathter, I didn't whithle."

"Master, he did; I saw him do it."

"Mather, I didn't, thertainly," lisped the little culprit, *"it whitheted itself!"*

Home.—There is a world where no storms intrude, a haven of safety against the tempests of life. A little world uf joy and love, of innocence and tranquility. Suspicions are not there, nor jealousies, nor falsehood with her double tongue, nor the venom of slander. Peace embraces it with outspread wings. Plenty broodeth there. When a man entereth it, he forgetteth his sorrows, and cares, and disappointments; he openeth his heart to confidence, and to pleasure not mingled with remorse. This world is the well-ordered home of a virtuous and amiable woman.

Midnight.

Huferland, in his treatise on sleep, has some curious, as well as forcible ideas on the neaessity of devoting midnight to rest and sleep. He considers that the period of twenty-four hours, which is produced by the regular revolution of the earth on its axis, marks its influence most definitely on the physical economy of man. Diseases show this regular influence in their daily rise and fall. Settled regular fever exhibits a twenty-four hours flux and reflux. In the healthful state, there is manifest the same regular influence, and the more habitual our meals, our hours of exercise or employment, and our hours of sleep, the more power there is in the system to resist disease. In the morning the pulse is slow and the nerves calmer, and the mind and the body better fitted for labor. As we advance towards the evening of the day, the pulse becomes accelerated, and an almost feverish state is produced which, in exciteable persons, becomes an absolute evening fever. Rest carries off this fever by its sleep, and the refreshing opening of its pores which sleep produces. In this nightly respiration, there is an absolute crisis of this evening fever, and this periodical crisis is necessary to every one, for it carries off whatever useless or pernicious particles our bodies may have imbibed.

This evening fever, Hufuland thinks, is not entirely owing to the accession of new chyle to the system, but to the departure of the sun and of the light. The crisis of this fever, to be most effective by its regularity, ought to take place at midnight when the sun is its nadir, and then the body becomes refreshed for the early morning labor. Those who neglect this period, either push this diurnal crisis into the morning, and thus undermine the importance of its regularity, or lose it entirely, and arise to their labors unrefreshed by sleep. Their bodies will not have been purified by the nightly crisis, and the seeds of disease will thus been planted.

Nervous people are peculiarly subject to the influence of this fever, and think they cannot labor without its excitement. Hence their mental efforts are performed in the night alone; the important time for the crisis of their nervous excitement passes over in wakefulness, anh refreshing perspiration cleanses the body or strengthens the nerves. Such people will wear out soon, unless they change their habits and seek rest when nature and the human constitution dictate.

These considerations ought to be deeply studied and regarded by all who are in a ruinous habit of turning night into day, and of chaaging the functions of each.

A failure of health will soon manifest rhe truth of these remarks.

There is something beautiful in the following lines:

Take the bright shell
From its home on the lea,
And wherever it goes
It will sing of the sea.

So, take the fond heart
From its home and its hearth,
'Twill sing of the loved
To the ends of the earth.

Franklin's Toast.—Long after Washington's victories over the French and English had made his name familiar over all Europe, Dr. Franklin chanced to dine with the English and French ambassadors, when the following toasts were drunk:—

By the British ambassador—"England; the sun whose beams enlighten and fructify the remotest corners of the earth."

The French ambassador, glowing with national pride, drank—"France; the moon whose mild, steady, cheering rays are the delight of all nations; consoling them in darkness and making their dreariness beautiful."

Dr. Franklin then rose, and with his usual dignified simplicity, said—"Geo. Washington; the Joshua, who commanded the Sun and Moon to stand still, and they obeyed him."

I belive that if Christianity should be compelled to flee from the mansions of the great, the academies of the philosophers, the halls of legislators, or the throng of busy men, we should find her last and purest retreat with woman at the fireside; her last altar would be the female heart; her last audience would be the children gathered around the knees of a mother; her last sacrifice, the secret prayer, escaping in silence from her lips, and heard, perhaps, only at the throne of God.

"A Night Scene in London."

Under this heading, Dickens gives, in Household Words, the following description of what he witnessed one night outside the Whitechappel Workhouse. What a scene for the metropolis of the Christian world, and what a commentary upon the arrogant assumptions of is pseudo-philanthropists, whose charity is wasted upon its imaginary evils in distant lands, while thousands are starving almost at their very doors!

'On the 5th of November, I, the conductor of this journal, accompanied by a friend well known to the public, accidentally strayed into Whitechapel. It was a miserable evening; very dark, very muddy, and raining hard. There are many woful sights in this part of London, and it has been well known to me in most of its aspects for many years. We had forgotten the mud and rain in slowly walking along and looking about us, when we found ourselves, at eight o'clock, before the workhouse. Crouched against the wall of the workhouse, in the dark street, on the muddy pavement stones, with the rain raining upon them, were five bundles of rags, They were motionless, and had no resemblance to the human form. Five great beehives covered with rags; five dead bodies taken out of graves, tied neck and heels, and covered with rags—would have looked like those bundles upon which the rain rained down in the public street. 'What is this?' said my companion. 'What is this?' 'Some miserable people shut out of the casual ward, I think,' said I. (Mr. Dickens then describes his inquiries in the house. He found that the women were shut out simply because the house was full.) We went to the ragged bundle nearest the door, and I touched it. No movement replied, I gently shook it. The rags began to be slowly stirred within, and by little and little a head was unshrouded, the head of a young woman of three or four and twenty, as I should judge, gaunt with want, and foul with dirt, but not naturally figly. 'Tell us said I, stooping down, 'why are you lying here?' 'Because I can't get into the workhouse.' She spoke in a faint, dull way, and had no curiosity or interest left. She looked dreamily at the black sky and the falling rain, but never looked at me our my coompanion. 'Were you here last night?' 'Yes; a'l last night, and the night afore, too.' 'Do you know any of these others?' 'I know her next but one; she was here last night, and she told me she comes out of Essex, I know no more of her.'—'You were here last ngiht, but have not been here all day!' 'No; not all day.' 'Where have you been all day?' 'About the streets.' 'What have you had to eat?' 'Nothing.' 'Come,' said I,' think a little. You are tired and have been a sleep, and do not quite consider what you are saying to us.—You have had something to eat to day. Come! think of it.' 'No, I haven't, Nothing but such bits as I could pick up about the market. Why, look at me!' She bared her neck, and I covered it up again. 'If you had a shilling to get some supper and lodging, should you know where to get them?' 'Yes, I could do that.' 'For God's sake get it, then.' I put the money into her hand, and she feebly rose and went away. She never thanked me, uever looked at me, melted away into the miserable night in the strangest manner I ever saw. I have seen many strange things, but not one that has left a deeper impression on my memory than the dull impressive way in which that worn-out heap of misery took that piece of money and was lost. One by one I spoke to the five. In every one interest and curiosity were as extinct as in the first. They were all dul languid.—No one made an profession or complaint, no one cared to look at me, no one thanked me. When I came to the third I suppose she saw that my companion and I glanced with a new horror upon us, at the last two who had dropped against each other in their sleep, and were lying like broken images. These were the only words that were origtnated among the five.'

An empty head and a full purse are more respected than the man whose purse has been lightened by the unavoidable shafts of misfortune.

True Magnanimity.—Hath any wronged thee?—be bravely revenged; slight it, and the work is begun; forgive it, and 'tis finished. He is below himself who is not above an injury.